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*Give me but my Arab Steed*; a Romance, composed by G. A. Hodson, Dublin.

Mr. Hodson has favoured us with many very pretty and effective vocal pieces, of which the "Arab Steed," stands conspicuous. But why should Mr. Hodson take a subject from Rossini? We are convinced that Mr. H. has no occasion, from poverty of invention, to select from any writer of the present age. This is a spirited and effective little composition, and does Mr. Hodson credit. In bar 8, we should have preferred D sharp, instead of F sharp; the chord of B would then have been complete, and the essential 3d of the chord not wanting. This, however, appears an oversight, or probably an error of the engraver.

As to Massaniello, of which we have been requested by divers correspondents, to speak more at large than we did in our first Number, we have only to add, that while we concede great praise to Auber, for his daring and judicious departure from the *Vive la bagatelle* style of the French school, to that of the great German and Italian masters, we greatly regret the utter want of originality in his melodies, which are, without exception, but *mediocre* at the best.

The overture is for the most part heavy; though there are some passages which would deserve considerable praise, did we not recognise in them the *diablerie* style of Freyschütz. The two *Pregliere* contain some beautiful harmony, and are the best specimens we have of Auber's talents, in that important branch of musical composition. We must confess, however, we do not at all relish any attempt to import from the Continent, the profane mockery which is now so fashionable there, of introducing prayers upon the stage. To us it is very revolting to see a set of motties kneeling in the Theatre, with the gestures of supplication to the Supreme Being, even although they do it, as Puff says, vastly well, for persons not much in the habit of praying.

For the rest, the chorusses are tolerably good, and the melodies in them are somewhat better than the rest. As to the single songs, they are poor enough; even the *barcarolle*, and *Sister Dear*, contain but little original melody. All French music is, we think, particularly ill-adapted to English words.

### THE DRAMA.

#### FRENCH THEATRE.

"Hail sprightly land of mirth and social ease."

In the course of last year, 175 new plays, translated, adapted, and composed, have been performed at the numerous Theatres of Paris; and of this prolific progeny of Apollo mimusologus, only about a dozen survive the critical blasts of those modern Athenians, who still spend great part of their time telling or hearing some new thing. Among those we remark Guillaume Tell, Marino Faliero altered from Lord Byron's Drama, and Elizabeth of England. The Bride of Lammermoor has also been brought out at the *Italiens*: it has not made its fortune with the Parisians, though containing some enchanting morceaux, particularly a duet between Sontag and Donzelli.

It is said Béranger is busy in his imprisonment, with a five-act drama.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*London, 13th Jan. 1830.*

The frost and snow of Christmas have departed, and were (of course) succeeded by inconceivable mudiness. You in Dublin, can have no notion of the horrors of a London thaw. The melted snow lingers as if loth to depart from the footways, and the eternal crowd, and tramp, tramping along, churns it up with mud, and this delectable combination flies right and left, from the heels of every hurrying pedestrian. You come to a crossing place which has been swept, and find a dray delivering coals, drawn right across it. You pass round the obstruction, through four inches deep of thin snow-gutter, which possesses a curious saturating power, that I leave the chemists to explain, and just as you are about to spring on the pathway, a victualler's cart dashes past, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and the wheel chancing to slip into a hole, ejects therefrom, about two quarts of the liquid mud aforesaid, which lands safely and softly in your bosom, from whence it trickles in streams of most picturesque irregularity down your light grey trowsers, which you have chosen specially because you have with unsuspecting faith, believed a "tailor's lie," that they don't "shew the mud."

Now, there is a prospect of frost and snow again; but how can a nervous man enjoy any of the pleasures of frost, with the anticipated horrors of thaw ever before the eyes of his imagination.

Those who can go out to Theatres on such keen, cold evenings as we have, divide their raptures between the Elephant (majores priores,) and Miss Fanny Kemble. For my part, I prefer the latter, for which preference I have got into some discredit with all my friends, who affect a *sentimental* turn. The "sweet Elephant" they say, but no matter, I'm old enough now to stick to my own opinion, that Miss Kemble is the cleverer, and more delightful actress of the two. Thy pardon, sweet Fanny! for daring a joke, where thy name is concerned. What though thou art not beautiful, is there not "a mind, a music, breathing from thy face?" and then, the beautiful articulation of Shakspeare's delicious poetry, which thou has made me enjoy with almost the additional charm of novelty. Miss Kemble's voice is, (to my thinking) delightful,—clear and soft, like the sound of a tenor string on the harp; and though there is sometimes a little monotony in her recitation, yet after all, the more one's mind dwells upon the recollection of her performance, the more is one disposed to speak with admiration.

A good portrait of her has come out at last, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, alas! that I should say it, *the late Sir Thomas Lawrence*. He has not left behind him an equal in the art to which he devoted himself. Portrait painting is certainly not in itself the noblest walk of the artist; but what painter gives more delight, than he who bids the features that we love to look upon, live on the glowing canvas, and who could do this with such exquisite perfection of truth and elegance, as the late lamented President. It was absolute luxury to dwell upon his female portraits, they breathed all over with a grace, which though certainly "not beyond the reach of art," since an artist has developed it, yet

had all the charm of cultivated nature. The elegance of his own soul dwelt upon his works, and many a fine and kindred mind will now look upon the exquisite likenesses of their friends which he has painted, with a deep sigh to the memory of him, who can add no more to these beautiful specimens of art. His illness was very short, and the immediate cause of his death, has been variously described. I have reason to believe, however, it was caused by ossification of the heart.

As to literary matters here—but hold!—There is a gleam of sunshine: and really in these times, that is not to be lost. I shall write about literary matters next time, and meanwhile order my horse, and go forth. If he slips, and I break my neck, you will not hear again from your faithful correspondent.

I.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### LINES FROM THE DANISH.

What is it, dear maid, that enraptures me so,  
What holds my fond heart in a chain of controul?  
Can the fragile nature of thy spirit below  
Be match'd with the glories that beam in thy soul?  
Is the throne of thy conquest, thy soft lip of roses,  
Or the flexible charm of thy bright blue eye?  
Is the temple where softness, where grandeur reposes—  
The soft heaving breast, or the forehead high?—  
Oh! lovely thy eye, but more lovely shines thro' it  
The spirit unvasted, unwithered by time—  
The frame may be fair tho' whose crystal we view it,  
But fairer within is the picture sublime—  
Tho' sweet are thy lips—yet more sweet they unfold  
The soft tones of music, the language of love;  
I value the harp for its bright strings of gold,  
But value the accents, the gold strings above—  
And thy breast, like the arch of the temple,  
Ascending.  
Is fair—but it swells o'er a heart more divine;  
I love the white arches, in majesty blending,  
But worship the God that's enthroned in the shrine.  
'Tis this, dearest maid, that enraptures me so,  
This holds my heart in a chain of controul;  
I love the attire of thy spirit below,  
But reverence the glories that beam in thy soul.

#### TIME-HONORED PRESIDENT.

I do most certainly concur in the sentiments of your fair correspondent, Mrs. Hall, and confidently trust that every Irish heart will sympathise in the success of your very valuable periodical. My poetry, unfortunately, is not equal to my patriotism.—If, however, you think the following specimen worthy of insertion in your Gazette, it is most cheerfully at your service; while I should, perhaps, promise, that not having the love and fear of fashion and good breeding before my eyes, I have already, on the birth-day of 1830, presented it in due form,

#### TO MY WIFE.

Dear angel! be the fault forgiven,  
If ever, when before thee,  
I feel as if the voice of heaven  
Commands me to adore thee.  
My hopes were cold, my thoughts were dark,  
And love seemed bliss forbidden,  
Till you inspired the genial spark,  
And honored me in an Eden.  
Then blame me not, my sainted Kate,  
If ever when before thee,  
I feel as if the voice of fate,  
Commands me to adore thee.

Thus when upon Peruvian shores,  
The shades of night retiring,  
The sun, his golden radiance pours,  
Creation's bosom firing;  
The simple child of nature awed,  
His heartfelt homage renders,  
Mistakes the agent of his god,  
And bows before his splendors.  
Then blame me not, my sainted Kate  
If ever when before thee,  
I feel as if the voice of fate  
Commands me to adore thee.

Poet's Corner